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tastes good!



SURPRISE! We changed Pepsodent's flavor because grown-ups preferred our new one, hands down! To our surprise, kids went crazy for it! What's more, a famous university proved Pepsodent's ORAL DETERGENT gives you the cleaned teeth of all leading toothpastes! Each brushing protects against decay enzymes. Pepsodent is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to please your whole family—or your money back.

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stores everywhere!



Have you tried
New Pepsodent Chlorophyll?

PEPSODENT'S ORAL DETERGENT gives you the
CLEANEST TEETH! Your own proof is the

Clean Mouth Taste for Hours

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Today We Remember:

FEW events in the history of America had more far-reaching results than one of March 21, 1638—the date the Swedes established their first settlement on the banks of the Delaware. Unlike many early colonists, the Swedes did not leave their own country because of tyranny or oppression; they came to America to found a colony based upon the principle of religious toleration and liberty of conscience—not exclusively for their own people, but for all who had suffered for conscience's sake—and this was six years before William Penn was born.

The Swedes dominated the Delaware from 1638 to 1655, and built up a solid friendship with the Indians. They were the first white people in Pennsylvania. They built the first fort (on Tinicum Island), the first capitol building, the first church, the first water mill, and they introduced the first livestock into Pennsylvania. In 1655, Sweden lost her colony to the Dutch, then to the English, but Sweden continued to send her clergymen to administer to the spiritual needs of the people, which at great expense she kept up for more than 100 years, knowing full well she could not regain her colony—a policy which is said to be without parallel in history.

The influence of the Swedes spread and continues to spread steadily through America, and Swedish blood plays no small part in the forming of the American character. In addressing some newcomers, Calvin Coolidge once said: "Of all the people who come to America from foreign shores, none assimilate more quickly or become better citizens than those of Scandinavian blood."

ON THE COVER

THE lady seems annoyed and a trifle impatient. But she may as well cultivate the quality of resignation. The approach of April, "sure as rain," means showers. Or else why do we say "April showers bring May flowers"? And how come Buddy De Sylva's song, *April Showers*, made him a mint of money and brought Al Jolson to his knees nightly? And why do the stores put raincoats to the fore and why does our fashion editor select this issue to discuss rainwear (Page 14)? And for that matter, why, if the lady on our cover didn't expect showers, did she carry that umbrella, which we must admit looks slightly crumpled?



License for Cupid

By Jack Ritchie

OFFICER MacGREGOR, a young man with a future, sniffed the brisk morning air with satisfaction. It felt wonderful to be on the day shift after four years of night duty. He paused in front of the small apartment building and consulted his notebook. Then he entered the vestibule and went up the stairs to the second floor.

MacGregor rapped lightly on the door of apartment 2-C with his nightstick and waited. Twenty seconds later he rapped again, this time somewhat harder.

During the next few minutes he rapped several times more. He was about to accept the fact that no one was at home, when the lock clicked and the door opened.

She was small and dark-haired and not many seconds from interrupted slumber. She wore a robe and she was considerably annoyed.

"It's all part of the job," Officer MacGregor said, coloring somewhat himself.

Miss Lee simmered with indignation. "One day a week I can sleep until noon and then some lame-brained 200-pound Irish cop has to wake me for something this trivial."

"Scotch," MacGregor said. "And a hundred and eighty." He closed his eyes for a moment and then returned resolutely to the point. "Do you have the license, Miss Lee?"

Miss Lee regarded him with monumental contempt. "No!" she snapped. "And what's more, I don't think I'm going to get one."

The door slammed and MacGregor found himself eyeing solid oak. He squared his shoulders and raised his nightstick.

"That isn't going to do you any good." The voice came from behind him. "You riled her and that makes

surance office down the street. You might be able to get in touch with her there tomorrow."

The next day MacGregor's beat carried him past the insurance office. He stopped outside and watched Miss Lee busy at her typewriter. Under a cloud of inexplicable gloom he observed her slightly snub nose profile. Grudgingly he conceded that she was pretty. Perhaps more than that.

Miss Lee swiveled in her chair to reach for some paper and saw him looking in the window. Her eyes smoldered and she deliberately stuck out her tongue.

MacGregor turned abruptly on his heel and stalked away.

When MacGregor came off duty in the afternoon, he returned to his rented room and sat down to brood. Once in a while his thoughts even strayed to the dog license.

He fell upon a brilliant deduction. If you've got a dog, you've got to take him for a daily walk. Probably in the evening.

MacGregor whistled as he took his shower. Three quarters of an hour later, wearing his best suit and a tan topcoat, he was stationed in a door-

way where he could keep an eye on the apartment across the street.

The cold began creeping up on him and MacGregor was considering a few curses when Miss Lee at last led a frisky black and white cocker spaniel out into the street.

MacGregor expertly gauged her course and then trotted around several blocks. He was breathing fairly heavily as he turned the last corner and spied her coming his way. He slowed to a sedate walk.

MacGregor's breath was under control as they met in the middle of the block.

"Now, really! This is going too far!" Miss Lee said. "I'm going to see a lawyer. Surely a dog license can't be so important that you must hound I mean badger me."

MacGregor appeared hurt. "I'm off duty," he said, "and I was just taking a stroll."

"In that case please let me by," Miss Lee said haughtily. The spaniel tugged at his harness, eager to get going.

Miss Lee took several steps before

(Continued on Page 48)



By JACK INGEMAN

OFFICER MacGREGOR, a young man with a future, sniffed the brisk morning air with satisfaction. It felt wonderful to be on the day shift after four years of night duty. He paused in front of the small apartment building and consulted his notebook. Then he entered the vestibule and went up the stairs to the second floor.

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During the next few minutes he rapped several times more. He was about to accept the fact that no one was at home, when the lock clicked and the door opened.

She was small and dark-haired and not many seconds from interrupted slumber. She wore a robe and she was considerably annoyed.

MacGregor touched the bill of his cap. "Are you Miss Constance Lee?" "That's right," she said with a complete absence of graciousness. "What am I guilty of?"

"Are you the owner of a dog? A cocker spaniel?"

Miss Lee frowned. "Yes."

"Have you renewed his license for this year? And if you have, may I see it, please?"

She stared at him, her eyes widening. "You woke me out of a deep sleep on my day off just to find out whether I renewed a dog license?" Miss Lee sounded incredulous.

Officer MacGregor felt vaguely uncomfortable. "Well, yes," he said.

Faint color came into her face and her blue eyes became dangerous. Miss Lee struggled for several moments before she was able to speak. "Hundreds of people get robbed every day. Dozens get murdered. But you've got nothing better to do than check up on a dog license!"

"It's all part of the job," Officer MacGregor said, coloring somewhat himself.

Miss Lee simmered with indignation. "One day a week I can sleep until noon and then some lame-brained 200-pound Irish cop has to wake me for something this trivial."

"Scotch," MacGregor said. "And a hundred and eighty." He closed his eyes for a moment and then returned resolutely to the point. "Do you have the license, Miss Lee?"

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The door slammed and MacGregor found himself eyeing solid oak. He squared his shoulders and raised his nightstick.

"That isn't going to do you any good." The voice came from behind him. "You riled her and that makes her stubborn."

MacGregor turned to find the elderly janitor leaning on a push broom.

"I'm only doing my duty," MacGregor said. "I've got to warn her to get that license renewed or face the consequences."

The janitor removed the pipe from his mouth. "Why not come back some other time?"

MacGregor's temper frayed at the edges. "She's got a lousy disposition," he said.

The janitor grinned. "Most of the time she's kind and considerate." He looked in the direction of apartment 2-C. "Mighty pretty too."

"I'll be back this afternoon," MacGregor said darkly.

"Don't think it'll do you much good," the janitor said. "Once she gets stubborn she stays that way all day."

MacGregor felt defeated. He searched vainly for an idea.

The janitor began pushing his broom. "She works at that small in-

MacGregor whistled as he took his shower. Three quarters of an hour later, wearing his best suit and a tan topcoat, he was stationed in a doorway.

going. Miss Lee took several steps before
(Continued on Page 48)



Flushed with anger, Miss Lee told off Officer MacGregor.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PARK

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, MARCH 28, 1954

LICENSE FOR CUPID

(Continued From Page 15)

MacGregor caught up with her. "I feel I ought to apologize," he said.

Miss Lee's head was high. "It isn't necessary," she said.

They walked silently side by side, with MacGregor scowling at the sidewalk and trying desperately to think of something to say.

After walking a block, Miss Lee was annoyed to find that her righteous anger seemed to be diminishing.

"What's the dog's name?" MacGregor asked, relieved to find something to talk about.

Miss Lee was slightly embarrassed. "Cupid," she said.

MacGregor lapsed into silence. Miss Lee fought with her conscience and finally spoke. "I have a confession to make," she said. "I did renew Cupid's license. It's on his collar."

MacGregor bent down and examined the tag.

"I should have told you yesterday," Miss Lee said, "but you made me angry."

"It's all right," MacGregor said. "You had a right to be."

"I guess now you won't be... well, bothering me any more," Miss Lee said.

MacGregor had an overpowering urge to kick the dog. "I suppose I won't," he said.

They walked on in heavy silence.



Un-Timely Schedule

If I mentally plan each move that I'll make,
And leap out of bed though I'm still half-asleep,
And only drink coffee—not stop to eat more—
And quickly get dressed and rush straight out the door;
If I make the right bus and I don't have to wait—
Then I get to work promptly: five minutes late.

—Cora M. Gabler

and MacGregor's thoughts were melancholic. Miss Lee paused as they were about to pass the insurance office.

By Jack Ritchie

"I've heard that insurance offices are robbed fairly often," she said. "Is that true?"

The clouds began dispersing in MacGregor's horizon. "Regularly," he said, brightening. "I think I'd better keep an eye on this place. You can never tell."

"You certainly can't," Miss Lee said in absolute agreement.

"And I don't think you ought to be taking these walks alone," MacGregor said earnestly. "You never know who's out on the street at this time of night."

"I never realized that before," Miss Lee said. "It can be dangerous."

They looked at each other—for the first time, really—and suddenly found that they had a lot to talk about.

Eventually the spaniel refused to walk another step and MacGregor had to carry him back to Miss Lee's residence.

"Would you care to come up for a cup of coffee and perhaps a sandwich?" Miss Lee asked, her blue eyes meeting MacGregor's gray ones.

MacGregor was violently allergic to coffee. It gave him all the symptoms of a severe cold in the head.

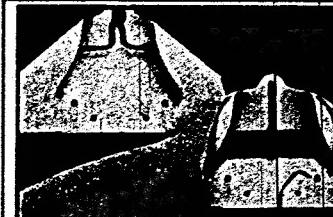
"There's nothing I like better on a cold night than a cup of coffee," MacGregor said, sounding entirely sincere.

THE END



"Motion by Mrs. Peck that meeting be adjourned is seconded by Mrs. Peck. Meeting's adjourned."

SHOPPING



"No More Messy Collars"

The new, magic plastic adaptors for ordinary wire or wooden hangers—COLL-R-GARDS. Prevents unsightly creases, wire marks, rust spots in the collars of your garments and allows them to retain that "fresh look," particularly after ironing. Pkg. of 5, \$1.00; 3 pkgs., \$2.75 ppd. Perfect for gift-giving. Specify wire or wooden hangers.

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Patent No. 2,634,942

Craft Patterns

BY A. NEELY HALL



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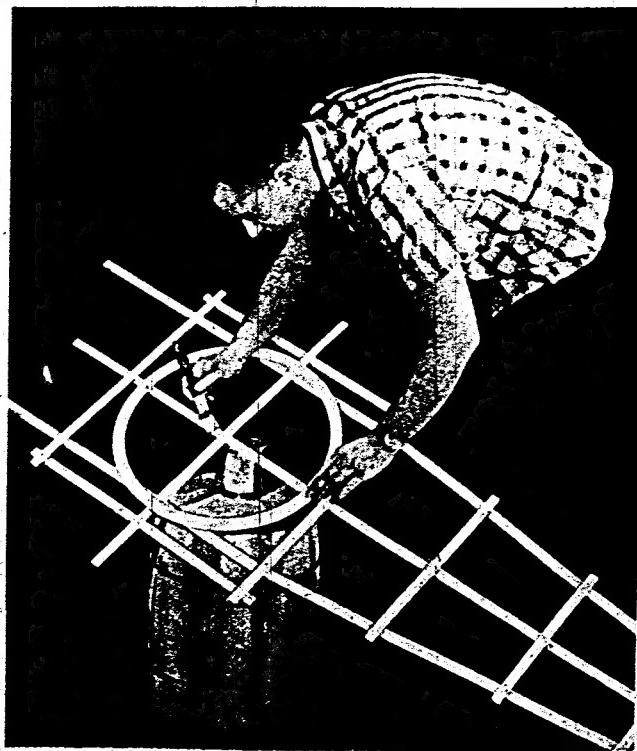
MISS Lee's residence.

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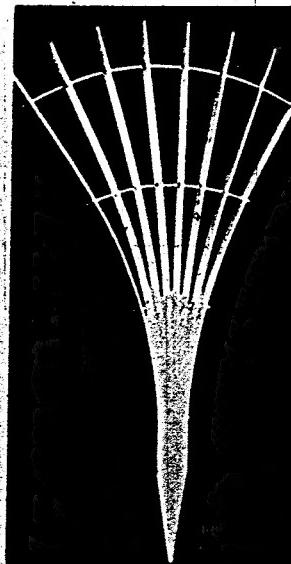


420. Twelve trellis designs are on Craft Pattern 420. You can use lattice strips sold at lumber yards or rip strips from a $\frac{3}{4}$ " board.

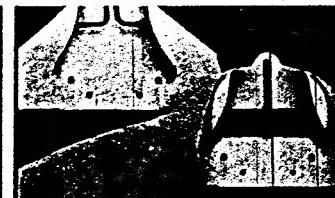
Write to The Philadelphia Inquirer Craft Pattern Studio, Elmhurst Ill., enclosing 15 cents for Pattern 420. Identify by number. Catalog is 25 cents.

Craft Patterns

BY A. NEELY HALL



420. Above is one of the 12 trellises detailed on Craft Pattern 420. Pattern shows spacing of all strips.



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The new, magic plastic adaptors for ordinary wire or wooden hangers—COLL-R-GARDS. Prevents unsightly creases, wire marks, rust spots in the collars of your garments and allows them to retain that "fresh look," particularly after ironing. Pkg. of 5, \$1.00; 3 pkgs., \$2.75 ppd. Perfect for gift-giving. Specify wire or wooden hangers.

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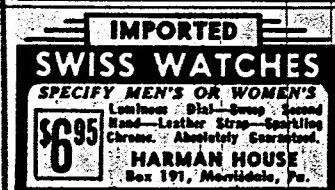


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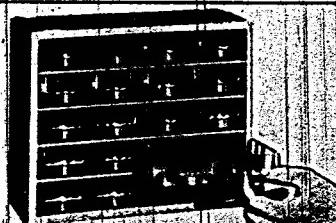
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When placed directly under clothes the prop automatically takes slack out of line, by adjusting to new heights, when wind carries clothes up. Special notched grooves fasten top section of prop securely to line to insure against disengagement. Prop can be reduced to 45" length for easy handling & storage. Guaranteed Not to Slip. Weight 2 lbs. Mail orders filled.

Add 25¢ for postage & handling.

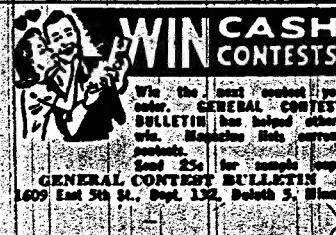
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